

A
PANEGYRICK
ON

Oliver Cromwell,
AND HIS
VICTORIES:

By EDM. WALLER, Esq.

WITH
Three POEMS on his DEATH.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN, Mr. SPRAT,
and Mr. WALLER.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *H. Hills*, and Sold by the Booksellers
of *London and Westminster*, 1709.

PANEGYRIC

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Oliver Cromwell

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VICTORIES



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A
P A N E G Y R I C K
O N
OLIVER CROMWELL, &c.

W Hile with a strong, and yet a gentle Hand,
 You bridle Faction, and our Hearts Command;
 Protect us from our selves, and from the Foe;
 Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too.
 Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
 Think themselves injur'd that they cannot Reign;
 And own no Liberty, but where they may,
 Without controul upon their fellows Prey.
 Above the Waves, as *Neptune* shew'd his Face,
 To chide the Winds, and save the *Trojan* Race.
 So has your Highness (rais'd above the rest,)
 Storms of Ambition tossing us Represt.
 Your drooping Country, torn with Civil hate,
 Restor'd by you, is made a glorious State:
 The Seat of Empire, where the *Irish* come,
 And the unwilling *Scot*, to fetch their Doom.
 The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet
 With bending Sails, each Vessel of our Fleet,
 Your Pow'r resounds as far as Wind can Blow,
 Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.
 Haven that has plac'd this Island to give Law,
 To ballance *Europe*, and her State to awe:
 In his Conjunction does our *Britain* smile,
 The greatest Leader to the greatest Isle.

Whether this Portion of the World were rent
 By the wide Ocean from the Continent;
 Or thus created, it was sure design'd,
 To be the Sacred Refuge of Mankind.
 Hither the Opprest shall henceforth resort,
 Justice to crave; and Succour of your Court,
 And shew, your Highness, not for ours alone,
 But for the World's Protector shall be known.
 Fame, swifter than your winged Navy flies
 Through every Land that near the Ocean lies;
 Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
 To all that Piracy and Rapine use:
 With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
 Might hope to lift her Head above the rest.
 What may be thought impossible to do
 For us, embraced by the Sea and you?
 Lord's of the World's great Wast, the Ocean, we
 Whole Forests send to Reign upon the Sea:
 And every Coast may trouble and relieve,
 But none can visit us without your leave.
 Angels and we know this Prerogative,
 That none can at our happy Seat arrive;
 While we Descend at pleasure to invade
 The bad with Vengeance, or the good to Aid;
 Our little World, the Image of the great,
 Like that amidst the boundless Ocean set,
 Of her own growth has all that Nature craves,
 And all that's Rare, as Tribute from the Waves.
 As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely;
 But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky:
 So what our Heaven, or what our Earth denies,
 Our ever constant Friend, the Sea supplies.
 The Taste of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
 Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow.
 Without the Worm in *Persian* Silks we shine,
 And without Planting, Drink of every Vine.
 To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
 Gold, though the heaviest Metal, hither swims.

Ours is the Harvest, where the *Indians* Mow;
 We Plough the Deep, and Reap what others Sow:
 Things of the noblest kind our own Soil breeds;
 Stout are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds:
Rome, though her Eagle through the World had flown,
 Could never make this Island all her own.
 Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too;
France-Conquering *Henry* flourish, and now You:
 For whom we staid, as did the *Grecian* State,
 Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.
 When for more Worlds than *Macedonian* cry'd,
 He wist not *Thesis* in her Lap did hide
 Another yet, a World reserv'd for you,
 To make more great than that he did subdue.
 He safely might Old Troops to Battle lead
 Against the unwarlike *Persian*, or the *Mede*,
 Whose hasty flight did from a bloodless Field
 More Spoil than Honour to the Victor yield.
 A Race unconquer'd by their Clime—made bold,
 The *Calydonians* arm'd with want and cold,
 Have by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
 Been from all Ages kept for you to tame:
 Whom the old *Roman* Wall so ill confin'd,
 With a new Chain of Garisons you bind.
 Here Foreign Gold no more shall make them come,
 Our *English* Iron holds them fast at home.
 They that henceforth must be content to know
 No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
 May blame the Sun, but must extol your Grace,
 Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.
 Preferr'd by Conquest, happily o'erthrown;
 Falling they rise, to be with us made one.
 So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
 Their vanquish'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.
 Like favour find the *Irish*, with like Fate
 Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State,
 While by your Valour, and your courteous Mind,
 Nations divided by the Sea, are joyn'd,

Holland, to gain your Friendship, is content
 To be our Out-guard on your Continent.
 She from her fellow-Provinces would go,
 Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.
 In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuse
 Preventing Poits, the terror of the News,
 Our Neighbour-Provinces trembl'd at their roar,
 But our conjunction makes them tremble more.
 Your never-failing Sword made War to cease,
 And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace;
 Our Minds with Bounty and with Awe engage,
 Unite Affections, and restrain our Rage.
 Less pleasures take brave minds in Battle-won,
 Than in restoring such as are undone.
 Tygers have Courage, and the rugged Bear,
 But Man alone can whom he conquers spare:
 To pardon willing, and to punish loath,
 You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
 Lifting up all that prostrate lye you grieve,
 You cannot make the Dead again to live.
 VWhen Fate or Error had our Age milled,
 And o'er these Nations such Confusion spread,
 The only Cure which could from Heaven come down,
 VWas so much Power and Clemency in one;
 One whose Extraction is from an Ancient Line,
 Gives hope again that well-born Men may shine:
 The meanest in your Nature, mild and good,
 The noble rest secur'd in your Blood.
 Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in Peace
 A Mind proportion'd to such things as these:
 How such a Ruling Spirit could restrain,
 And practice first o're your own self to Reign.
 Your private Life did a just Pattern give,
 How Fathers, Husbands, Pious Sons should live.
 Born to Command, your Princely Vertues slept
 Like humble *David*, whilst the Flock he kept:
 But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
 Your flaming Courage, and your matchless Worth

Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend
 To low Contention— gave a prosperous end;
 Still as you rise, the States exalted too,
 Finds no Distemper while it's chang'd by you:
 Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without noise
 The rising Sun Night's vulgar Lights destroys.
 Had you some Ages past this Race of Glory
 Run, with amazement we should read your Story.
 But living Vertue all Archievements past,
 Meets Envy still to grapple with at last.
 This *Cæsar* found, and that ungrateful Age
 VVith losing him, fell back to Blood and Rage.
 Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoke,
 But cut the Bond of Union at that stroke.
 That Sun once set, a thousand meaner Stars
 Give a dim Light to Violence and Wars.
 To such a Tempest as now threatens all,
 Did not your mighty Arm prevent the fall.
 If *Rome's* great Senate could not wield the Sword,
 VVhich of the conquer'd World had made them Lord;
 VVhat hope had ours, while yet their Power was new,
 To Rule victorious Armies, but by you?
 You that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
 Could Order teach, and all their Hearts compose.
 To every Duty could their Minds engage,
 Provoke their Courage, and commend their Rage.
 So when a Lion shakes his dreadful Main,
 And angry grows, if he that first took pain
 To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast,
 He bends to him, but frights away the rest.
 As the next World, to find Repose at last,
 It self into *Augusta's* Arms did cast.
 So *England* now, does, with like Toil oppress'd,
 Her weary Head upon your Bosom rest.
 Then let the Muses with such Notes as these,
 Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace:
 Your Battles they hereafter shall indite,
 And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight;

Tell of Towns storm'd, of Armies over-run,
 And mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won:
 How, while you Thunder'd; Clouds of Dust did choak
 Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoak.
 Illustrious Arts high Raptures do infuse,
 And every Conqueror creates a Muse.
 Here in low Strains your milder Deeds we Sing;
 But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olives bring
 To Crown your Head, while you in Triumph ride
 O're vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea beside:
 VVhile all your Neighbour-Princes unto You,
 Like *Jeseph's* Sheaves, pay Reverence, and Bow.

Three P O E M S on the Death of the late Protector, *Oliver Cromwell*.

Written by Mr. *John Dryden*, Mr. *Sprat of Ox-*
ford, and Mr. *Edm. Waller*.

Heroick Stanza's, on the late Usurper Oliver Crom-
well: Written after his Funeral, by Mr. Dryden.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haste,
 Who would before have born him to the Sky;
 Like eager *Romans*, e're all Rites were past,
 Did set too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

Though our best Notes are Treason to his Fame,
 Join'd with the loud Applause of publick Voice;
 Since Heaven, what Praise we offer to his Name,
 Hath render'd too Authentick by its choice.

Though in his Praise no Arts can liberal be;
 Since they whose Muses have the highest flown;
 Add not to his Immortal Memory,
 But do an Act of Friendship to their own.

Yet 'tis our Duty, and our last rest too,
Such Monuments as we can build, to raise,
Lest all the World prevent what we shou'd do,
And claim a Title in him by their Praise.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame so truly Circular?
For in a round, what order can be shew'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

His Grandure he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
For he was great o're Fortune made him so,
And Wars like Mists that rise against the Sun,
Made him but greater seem, nor greater grow.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels bring;
Nor was his Vertue poison'd soon as born,
With the too early Thoughts of being King.

Fortune (that easie Mistress to the young,
But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)
Him, at that age, her Favourites rank'd among,
When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

He private, mark'd the Faults of others sway,
And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun;
Not like rash Monarchs, who their Youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late would wish undone.

And yet Dominion was not his design,
We owe that Blessing not to him but Heaven,
Which to fair Acts unsought Rewards did join;
Rewards that less to him, than us were given.

Our former Chief like Sticklers of the War,
First sought to inflame the Parties, then to poise:
The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade;
He inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to hinder Fighting, and assay'd
To stanch the Blood by breathing of the Vein.

Swift and resistless through the Land he past,
 Like that bold *Greek*, who did the East subdue,
 And made to Battels such Heroick haste,
 As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

He fought secure of Fortune as of Fame,
 Still by new Maps the Island might be shown,
 Of Conquests which he strow'd where ere he came,
 Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

His Palms, though under Weights they did not stand,
 Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Lawrels fade:
 Heaven in his Portrait shew'd a Workman's hand,
 And drew it perfect, though without a Shade.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
 Which War had banish'd, and did now restore:
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the Air,
 To seat themselves more lustily than before.

Her Safety rescued *Ireland*, to him owes,
 And treacherous *Scotland* to no Int'rest true;
 Yet bless'd that Fate which did his Arms dispose
 Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,
 When to pale Mariners, they Storms portend;
 He had his calmer Influence, and his Mien
 Did Love and Majesty together blend.

'Tis true his Countenance did imprint an Awe,
 And naturally all Souls to his did bow,
 As Wands of Divination downward draw,
 And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

When past all Offerings to *Pheretrian* Jove,
 He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield;
 Successful Councils did him soon approve,
 As fit for close Intrigues, as open Field.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,
 Our once bold Rival in the *British* Main,
 Now tamely glad her unjust Claim to cease,
 And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

Fame of th' asserted Sea through *Europe* blown;
 Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;
 Each knew that side must conquer, he would own;
 And for him fiercely, as for Empire strove.
 No sooner was the *French*-man's Cause imbrac'd,
 Than the light Monsieur, the grave Don outweigh'd;
 His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast,
 Though *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.
 When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right;
 For though that *Rome* mean Artiss Skill were shewn
 In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;
 Yet still the fair Designment was his own!
 For from all Tempers he could Service draw;
 The worth of each with us allay he knew;
 And as the Confident of Nature saw
 How the Complexions did divide and brew.
 Or he their single Vertues did survey,
 By intuition in his own large Breast,
 Where all the rich Idea's of them lay,
 That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.
 When such Heroick Vertue, Heaven set out,
 The Stars, like Commons, sullenly obey;
 Because it drains them when it comes about,
 And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.
 From this high Spring our Foreign Conquests flow,
 Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend;
 Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
 If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.
 He made us Free-Men of the Continent,
 Whom Nature did like Captives treat before;
 To Nobler preys the *English* Lion sent,
 And taught him first in *Belgian* Walks to Roar.
 That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,
 Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard;
 And trembling wish'd behind more *Alps* to stand,
 Although an *Alexander* were her Guard.

By his Command, we boldly cross'd the Line,
 And bravely fought where Southern Stars arise;
 We trac'd the fat-ferch'd Gold unto the Mine,
 And that which brib'd our Father's made our Prize.
 Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
 The highest Acts it could produce or shew:
 Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,
 Whilst the deep Secrets beyond Practice go,
 Nor died he when his ebbing Fame went less,
 But when fresh Laurels courted him to live;
 He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,
 As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.
 His latest Victories still thickest came,
 As near the Center, Motion doth increase;
 Till he press'd down by his own weighty Name,
 Did like the Vestal, under Spoils de cease.
 But first the Ocean as a Tribute sent,
 That Giant Prince of all her wat'ry Herd;
 And th' Isle, when her protecting Genius went,
 Upon his Obsequies loud Sighs conferr'd.
 No civil Broils have since his Death arose,
 But Faction now by Habit does obey;
 And Wars have that respect for his Repose,
 As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.
 His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,
 His Name a great Example stands to shew,
 How strangely high Endeavours may be blest,
 Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

To the Reverend Dr. WILKINS, Warden of
Wadham-College in Oxford.

SIR,

Seeing you are pleased to think fit that these Papers should come into the Publick, which were at first design'd to live only in a Desk, or some private Friends Hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the security, which your Name and Protection will give them, with the most knowing part of the World. There are two things especially, in which they stand in need of your Defence: One is, That they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Genius of that excellent Poet, who made this way of Writing free for our Nation: The other, That they are so little proportioned and equal to the Renown of that Prince, on whom they were written. Such great Actions and Lives, deserving rather to be the Subjects of the noblest Pens, and Divine Phantasies, than of such small Beginners and weak Essayers in Poetry as my self. Against these dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other Shield, than the Universal Esteem and Authority, which your Judgment and Approbation carries with it. The Right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the general Favour which all Arts receive from you; but more particularly by reason of that Obligation and Zeal, with which I am bound to Dedicate my self to your service: For having been a long time the Object of your Care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my Studies and Fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own Hands, and formed under your Government; not to intitle you to any thing which my Meanness produces, would not only be Injustice, but Sacrilege: So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves Pardon, it is yours Sir, as well as he, who is

Your most Devoted
and Obliged Servant.

To the happy Memory of the late
Usurper, *Oliver Cromwell.*

By Mr. Sprat of Oxon. *Pindarick Odes.*

I.

TIS true, great Name, thou art secure
From the Forgetfulness and Rage
Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;
Thou canst the Force and Teeth of Time endure:
Thy Fame like Men, the Elder it doth grow,
Will of its self turn whither too,
Without what needless Art can do;
Will live beyond thy Breath, beyond thy Hearse,
Tho' it were never heard or sung in Verse.
Without our help, thy Memory is safe;
They only want an Epitaph,
That does remain alone
Alive in an inscription,
Remembred only on the Brass, or Marble stone.
'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our Roses and Perfumes
Will but officious Folly shew,
And pious Nothings, to such mighty Tombs.
All our Incense, Gums, and Balm,
Are but unnecessary Duties here:
The Poets may their Spices spare,
Their costly Numbers, and their tuneful Feet:
That need not be imbalmd, which of it self is sweet.

II.

We know to praise thee is a dangerous proof
Of our Obedience and our Love:
For when the Sun and Fire meet,
Th' one's extinguish'd quite;
And yet the other never is more bright:
So that they write of thee, and join
And join their feeble Names with thine,
Their weaker sparks with thy Illustrious light,

Will

Will lose themselves in that ambitious Thought;
 And yet no Fame to thee from hence he brought,
 We know, bless'd Spirit, thy mighty Name
 Wants no addition of another's Beam;
 It's for our Pens to high, and full of Theme:
 The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them.
 Thy Fame's Eternal Lamp will live,
 And in thy Sacred Urn survive,
 Without the food of Oyl, which we can give.
 'Tis true; but yet our Duty calls our Songs,
 Duty Commands our Tongues.
 Though thou want not our Praises, we
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee:
 For so Men from Religion are not freed,
 But from the Altars Clouds must rise,
 Though Heaven it self doth nothing need,
 And though the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice.

III.

Great Life of Wonders, whose each year
 Full of new Miracles did appear!
 Whose every Month might be
 Alone a Chronicle, or a History!
 Others great Actions are
 But thinly scatter'd here and there;
 At best, but all one single Star;
 But thine the Milky-way,
 All one continued Light, of undistinguish'd Day;
 They throng'd so close, that naught else could be seen,
 Scarce any common Sky did come between:
 What shall I say, or where begin?
 Thou may'st in double Shapes be shown,
 Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown;
 Like *Jove* sometimes with Warlike Thunder, and
 Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in his Hand;
 Or in the Field, or on the Throne;
 In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done.
 All that thou didst was so refin'd,
 So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,

So

So pure, so weighty Gold,
 That the least Grain of it
 If fully spread and beat,
 Would many Leaves, and mighty Volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy Name was publish'd, and whilst yet

Thou only to thy self wert great;

VVhilst yet thy happy Bud

VVas not quite seen, or understood,

It then sure Signs of future Greatness shew'd:

Then thy Domestick Worth

Did tell the World what it would be,

VVhen it should fit occasion see,

VVhen a full Spring should call it forth:

As Bodies in the Dark and Night,

Have the same Colours, the same Red and White,

As in the open Day and Light,

The Sun doth only shew

That they are bright, not make them so:

So whilst but private Walls did know

VVhat we to such a mighty Mind should owe,

Then the same Vertues did appear,

Though in a less and more contracted Sphere,

As full, though not as large as since they were:

And like great Rivers, Fountains, though

At first so deep thou didst not go;

Though then thine was not so enlarg'd a Flood;

Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear as good.

V.

'Tis true, thou wast not born unto a Crown,

Thy Scepter's not thy Father's, but thy own:

Thy Purple was not made at once in haste,

And after many other Colours past,

It took the deepest Princely Dye at last.

Thou didst begin with lesser Cares,

And private Thoughts took up thy private Years:

Those Hands, which were ordain'd by Fates,

To change the World, and alter States,

Practis'd at first that vast Design
 On meaner things with equal Mind.
 That Soul, which should so many Scepters sway,
 To whom so many Kingdoms should obey,
 Learned first to Rule in a Domestick way :
 So Government it self, began
 From Family, and single Man,
 Was by the small Relation first,
 Of Husband, and of Father Nurs'd,
 And from those less beginnings past,
 To spread it self o'er all the World at last.

VI.

But when thy Country, (then almost enthral'd)
 Thy Vertue, and thy Courage call'd ;
 When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
 And't had been Sin in thee not to be Great :
 When every Stream, and every Flood,
 Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood ;
 When unus'd Arms, and unknown War
 Fill'd every Place, and every Ear ;
 When the great Storms, and dismal Night
 Did all the Land affright ;
 'Twas time for thee, to bring forth all our Light.
 Thou lefist thy more delightful Peace,
 Thy private Life, and better Case ;
 Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
 Wishing that it still hung upon the Hook :
 When Death had got a large Commission out,
 Throwing her Arrows, and her Sting about ;
 Then thou (as once the healing Serpent rose)
 Wast lifted up, not for thy self, but us.

VII.

Thy Country wounded was, and sick before
 Thy Wars and Arms did her restore :
 Thou knew'st where the Disease did lie,
 And like the Cure of Sympathy,
 Thy strong and certain Remedy,
 Unto the Weapon didst apply :

Thou didst not draw the Sword, and so
 Away the Scabbard throw,
 As if thy Country shou'd
 Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood:
 But that when the great Work was spun,
 War in it self should be undone;
 That Peace might Land again upon the Shore,
 Richer and better than before:
 The Husbandmen no Steel should know,
 None but the useful Iron of the Plow;
 That Bays might creep on every Spear:
 And though our Sky was overspread
 With a destructive Red;
 'Twas but till thou our Sun didst in full Light appear.

VIII.

When *Ajax* died, the Purple Blood
 That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
 Turn'd into Letters, every Leaf
 Had on it wrote his Epitaph:
 So from that Crimson Flood,
 Which thou, by fate of times, wert led
 Unwilling to shed,
 Letters, and Learning rose, and renewed:
 Thou fought'st not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,
 But to refine the Church and State;
 And like the *Romans*, what e'er thou
 In the Field of *Mars* didst mow,
 Was, that a Holy Island hence might grow.
 Thy Wars, as Rivers raised by a Shower,
 With welcom Clouds do pour:
 Though they at first may seem,
 To carry all away with an intraged Stream;
 Yet did not happen that they might destroy,
 Or the better parts annoy:
 But all the Filth and Mud to Scour,
 And leave behind another slime,
 To give a Birth to a more happy Power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and so well
 Thou did'st in Battles and in Arms excell;
 That steely Arms themselves, might be
 Worn out in War as soon as thee.
 Success, so close upon thy Troops did wait,
 As if thou first had'st Conquer'd Fate;
 As if uncertain Victory
 Had been first overcome by thee;
 As if her Wings were clipp'd, and could not flee;
 Whilst thou did'st only serve,
 Before thou had'st what first thou did'st deserve.
 Others by thee did great things do,
 Triumph'd'st thy self, and madest them triumph too;
 Though they above thee did appear,
 As yet in a more large and higher Sphere:
 Thou, the great Sun gav'st Light to every Star.
 Thy self an Army wert alone,
 And mighty Troops contain'd'st in one:
 Thy only Sword did guard the Land,
 Like that which flaming in the Angel's Hand;
 From Men God's Garden did defend:
 But yet thy Sword did more than his,
 Not only Guarded, but did make this Land a Paradise;

X.

Thou fought'st not to be high or great;
 Not for a Scepter or a Crown,
 Or Ermyne, Purple, or the Throne;
 But as the Vestal Hear,
 Thy Fire was kindled from above alone;
 Religion putting on thy Shield,
 Brought thee Victorious to the Field.
 Thy Arms like those, which ancient Heroes wore,
 Were given by the God thou did'st adore;
 And all the Words thy Armies had,
 Were on an heavenly Anvil made;
 Not Interest, or any weak Desire
 Of Rule, or Empire did thy Mind inspire;
 Thy Valour like the holy Fire, Which

Which did before the *Persian* Armies go,
 Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was Sacred too:
 Thy mighty Sword anticipates,
 What was reserv'd for Heaven and those bless'd Seats,
 And makes the Church Triumphant here below.

XI.

Though Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
 And did obey thy mighty Word;
 Though Fortune for thy side and thee,
 Forgot her lov'd Unconstancy;
 Amidst thy Arms and Trophies thou
 Wert valiant and gentle too,
 Wounded'st thy self, when thou did'st kill thy Foe;
 Like Steel, when it much Work has past,
 That which was rough does shine at last:
 Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did smother grow;
 Nor did thy Battels make thee proud or high,
 Thy Conquest rais'd the State, not thee:
 Thou overcam'st thy self in every Victory:
 As when the Sun, in a directer Line,
 Upon a polish'd golden Shield doth shine,
 The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light:
 So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight,
 When thy propitious God had lent
 Success, and Victory to thy Tent;
 To Heav'n again the Victory was sent.

XII.

England till thou did'st come,
 Confin'd her Valour home;
 Then our own Rocks did stand
 Bounds to our Fame as well as Land,
 And were to us as well,
 As to our Enemies unpassable.
 We were asham'd at what we ready
 And blush'd at what our Fathers did,
 Because we came so far behind the Dead,
 The British Lion hung his Main, and droop'd,
 To Slavery and Burthen stoop'd,

With

With a degenerate Sleep and Fear
 Lay in his Den, and languish'd there,
 At whose least Voice before,
 A trembling Eccho ran through every Shore,
 And shook the World at every Roar:
 Thou his subdued Courage did'st restore,
 Sharpen his Claws, and in his Eyes
 Mad'st the same dreadful Lightning rise,
 Mad'st him again affright the Neighbouring Floods,
 His mighty Thunder sounds through all the Woods:
 Thou hast our Military Fame redeem'd,
 Which was lost, or clouded seem'd:
 Nay more; Heaven did by thee bestow
 On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.
 Till thou command'st that Azure Chain of Waves,
 Which Nature round about is sent,
 Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
 Was rather Burthen than an Ornament,
 Those Fields of Sea that wash'd our Shores,
 Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hand than ours:
 To us, the liquid Mass,
 Which doth about us run,
 As it is to the Sun,
 Only a Bed to sleep on was:
 And not, as now a powerful Throne,
 To shake and sway the World thereon.
 Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did shew,
 But not a perfect one,
 Compos'd of Earth, and Water too.
 But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
 Thou all the Wilderness of Water sway'd;
 Thou did'st but only wed the Sea,
 Not make her equal, but a Slave to thee.
 Neptune himself did bear thy Yoke,
 Stoop'd, and trembled at thy stroke,
 He that ruled all the Main,
 Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign:

And

And now the Conquer'd Sea doth pay
More Tribute to thy *Thames*, than that unto the Sea:

XIV.

Till now our Valour did our selves more hurt;
Our Wounds to other Nations were a sport;
And as the Earth, our Land produc'd
Iron and Steel, which should to tear our selves be us'd,
Our strength within it self did break
Like thundering Cannons crack,
And kill'd those that were near,
While the Enemies secur'd and untouch'd were.
But now our Trumpets thou hast made to sound
Against our Enemies Walls in Foreign Ground;
And yet no echo back to us returning found.

England is now the happy peaceful Ile,
And all the World the while,
Is exercising Arms and Wars
With Foreign, or Intestine Jars.
The Torch extinguisht here, we lend to others Oil,
We give to all, yet know our selves no Fear;
We reach the Flame of Ruine, and of Death,
Where e're we please, our Swords to unsheath,
Whilst we in calm, and temperate Regions breath:
Like to the Sun, whose heat is hur'd
Through every Corner of the World;
Whose Flame through all the Air doth go,
And yet the Sun himself, the while no Fire doth know.

XV.

Besides the Glories of thy Peace,
Are not in Number, nor in Value less.
Thy Hand did cure, and close the Scars
Of our bloody Civil Wars;
Not only lan'd, but heal'd the Wound,
Made us again as healthy, and as sound,
When now the Ship was well nigh Lost,
After the Storm upon the Coast,
By its Mariners endanger'd most;
When they their Ropes and Helms had left,
When the Planks asunder cleft,

And

And Flouds came roaring in with mighty Sound;
 Thou a safe Land, and Harbour for us found,
 And saved'st those that would themselves have drown'd:
 A Work which none but Heaven and thee could do,
 Thou made'st us happy whe'r we would or no;
 Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance so great,
 As if those Vertues only in thy Mind had seat:
 Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,
 When Heaven seemed to be wanted least:
 Thy Temples not like *Janus* open were,
 Open in time of War,
 When thou hadst greater cause of fear,
 Religion and the Awe of Heaven possess
 All places, and all times alike thy Breast.

XVI.

Nor didst thou only for thy Age provide,
 But for the Years to come beside;
 Our After-times, and late Posterity,
 Shall pay unto thy Fame as much as we;
 They two are made by thee.
 When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
 And when thy Mortal Work was done;
 When Heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
 Thou him to bear thy burthen chose,
 Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss;
 Nor hadst thou him design'd,
 Had he not been
 Not only to thy Blood, but Vertue kin;
 Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind,
 'Tis he shall perfect all thy Cures,
 And with as fine a Thread weave out thy Loom:
 So one did bring the chosen People from
 Their Slavery and Fears,
 Led them through their pathless Road,
 Guided himself by God.

He brought them to the Borders; but a second Hand
 Did settle, and secure them in the Promised Land.

*Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late Usurper
O. Cromwell ensuing the same, By Mr. Waller*

WE must resign, Heav'n his great Soul does claim
In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame;
His dying Groans, his last Breath shakes our Isle;
And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.
About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
Into the Air: So *Romulus* was lost
New *Rome* in such a Tempest miss'd their King,
And from Obeying fell to Worshipping.
On *Oeta's* Top thus *Hercules* lay Dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread;
The Poplar too, whose Bough he wont to wear
On his Victorious Head, lay prostrate there:
Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent;
Our dying Hero, from the Continent
Ravish'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* rest,
As his last Legacy to *Britain* left:
The Ocean which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster Mind;
Our bounds enlargement, was his latest Toil,
Nor hath he left us Prisoners to our Isle:
Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.
From Civil Broils, he did us disengage,
Found nobler Objects for our Martial Rage;
And with wise Conduct to his Country shew'd,
Their ancient way of Conquering abroad:
Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too:
Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free;
Nature her self, took notice of his Death,
And fighting swell'd the Sea with such a-breath,
That to remotest Shores her Billows rowl'd,
Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

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